Rec'd from Dr Sullivan L Ward
July 9th 1887.

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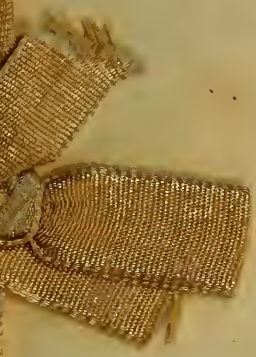

Mary Frances Ward,

Died May 19, 1887.

My Friends, that strange paradox which Paul wrote to the Corinthians has been much in my mind during the past few days. He spoke of himself as "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," a state of mind which I think not a few of us can well understand as we sit with this stricken household under their cloud of sorrow, which, though exceeding dark and heavy, is at the same time as we believe sun-pierced and lined with glory.

Sorrowful we are, sincerely so, as we come to pay our tribute of love to the memory of a noble woman. A life so large and full as hers cannot be taken from earth without leaving a painful void, an oppressing, almost overwhelming sense of loss. Though other friends still are with us, though the bustling activities of life still go on about us, yet the heart that misses the one loved face feels isolated and lonely. How can life go on without her? This earth can never be the same earth. This home can never be the same home. Thoughts like these will crowd the heart almost to suffocation, and make all first attempts at consolation futile.

But God, who made these spirits of ours, and who knows us altogether will prove himself to be a present help in our time of need. He will not be baffled in his purposes by any earthly sorrow. He will lay his soft hand upon

the deepest chords of our being, and in time awaken there that symphony of joy the notes of which shall be heard clear and exultant above all the distracting cries of pain and grief. This is the Christian's privilege. When he throws himself upon God, God cares for him. He surrounds him. He comforts him. His consolations are not small.

It is upon this bright side of this sorrow that I would have you look today.

I would think of the things which have made our sainted friend a joy to the world, and which make her joyful in heaven. We rejoice when we think of what she has been to her home, her church, and her community. Never shall I forget the first impression which her sweet smile and radiant face made upon me. A spirit loving, gentle and yet strong shone through those laughing eyes, and made me feel that I was in the presence of a true friend. And such she has ever been to me. Such she has been to all the pastors of Kirk Street Church. They have ever found in her a wise counsellor, an untiring worker, and a sympathizing friend.

Possessed of many brilliant gifts she was fitted to shine in many places, and yet the last thing which she thought of, was shining in the sense of being conspicuous, in any circle. Modes-

ty, that chief adornment of womanhood was the brightest jewel in her crown of virtues. Display of any kind she disliked.

Her influence was the influence of character working unseen but potently in a thousand ways. Those who remember her as a teacher recall with gratitude the loving spell which she exercised over their young and plastic lives. Those who have worked with her in various social philanthropic and religious relations know well the quiet power of her influence and the worth of her judgment. Kirk Street Church has lost many of its strong pillars and devoted workers. Its congregation on the other side of the gates is larger than on this side, but no one has gone from it who will be more missed by the earthly or more welcomed by the heavenly congregation than our sister. With a nature naturally sunny and unselfish, her joy was to make others happy. The poor never plead at her door in vain. The mourner found her a real comforter. Her face was a benediction wherever she went. Culture and religion were so delightfully blended in her character as to lift her above all narrowness and bigotry, and make her an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.

After teaching in the Bartlett school, the Primary school on Paige street, and the High

school, she exchanged the influence of the teacher for that of the wife, and eventually that of the mother; and in this double sphere, under this roof for thirty-four years, she has won the brightest laurels of her Christian womanhood. Never was mother more devoted than she has been. She lived in the lives of her children. Today they rise up and call her blessed. Never was wife more faithful and loving than she has been. The heart of her husband could safely trust her. She shared his burdens and lightened his cares by her wise counsel and hopeful spirit.

Nor was she any less true as a sister. Indeed she was both sister and mother to those who with herself were orphaned at an early age.

The impulsive cry of their hearts and ours is, "Oh that we could call her back to life again." Not only they who dwell under this roof, but we who have been wont to share her interest and genial hospitality feel that we must see her face again, and hear the old time greeting within these rooms which her taste has adorned, and her presence graced for these many years.

But when we think of what she suffered during her wearisome illness, we think of her intense longing to depart and be at rest. Again and again she has prayed that she might be delivered from her painful bondage in the flesh, that she

might enter into that rest prepared for the people of God. Some months ago, after a weary and sleepless night, she looked up at the scroll which was hanging on the wall of her chamber and read aloud the words: "Be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will help thee."

Then turning to the friend at her side, she said, "I know I have not lived as I ought, but God will forgive. I submit myself to his will, that is all I can do, is it not? He is going to take me soon."

"And you trust him?" said the friend.

"Yes, I trust him."

And so at last her trust has blossomed into fruition.

Encircled within loving arms, the desire of her heart was granted just as the day was breaking. With her last breath, the birds in the adjoining shrubbery began their matin songs. Faint echoes, perhaps of that morning song which greeted her rejoicing spirit as it entered the land that is fairer than day.

Yes, dear friend, thy morning has come. The darkness is past. The shadows have fled away. The true light shineth now. Thy sun shall no more go down, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. There shall be no night there.

Hark, hark, my soul,
  Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields
  And ocean's wave beat shore.
How sweet the truth
  Those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life
  When sin shall be no more.

Onward we go, for still
  We hear them singing:
Come, weary souls,
  For Jesus bids you come.
And through the dark
  The echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel
  Leads us home.

Rest comes at length,
  Though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn,
  And darksome night be past.
All journeys end, in
  Welcomes to the weary;
And heaven, the heart's true home,
  Will come at last.

Angels! sing on,
  Your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments
  Of the songs above.
While we toil on, and
  Soothe ourselves with weeping
Till life's long night
  Shall break in endless love.

C. A. D.

Obituary.

It is with sincere sorrow that we record the death of Mrs. Mary F. Ward, which took place at her home on Fletcher street early this morning. This announcement will be a sad surprise to the large circle of friends who have recently had reason to hope that Mrs. Ward would soon be restored to her usual health. She rode out yesterday afternoon with her son, and in the evening with her husband, and seemed unusually well all day, but during the night she was suddenly taken worse, and this morning she passed quietly away.

Mrs. Ward was born in Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., June 13, 1827. Her father, Dr. Horace Morgan, a successful physician, and a man of rare character, died when she was quite young. A large part of her early life was spent with her mother and sisters in Northfield, Mass. She fitted herself for a teacher at Mt. Holyoke seminary and then moved with her family to this city. For several years she was a teacher in the Bartlett school. She then had charge of the primary school in the building on Paige street which is now known as the Dorcastry. After this she became a teacher in the High school. She filled each of these positions with remarkable efficiency, bringing into

exercise those powers of mind and heart which at once placed her among the foremost of instructors.

August 12, 1852, she was married to Dr. Sullivan L. Ward in the home which she has ever since occupied. Her relations to this community, especially in social, philanthropic and religious ways, have been so influential that her loss cannot but be regarded as a public affliction. Possessed of brilliant gifts, and the sweet dignity of a true womanhood, she has for many years been an acknowledged leader in the most cultured circles, while in all benevolent and Christian enterprises she has been an untiring worker. The poor knew her and loved her. The weary and heavy laden found comfort in her smile. As a Christian she was an example of the believers, and a loving follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. As a member of Kirk street church she was loyally devoted to its welfare. Her pastor ever found in her a wise counselor and sympathizing helper. Much of the success of the philanthropic and benevolent enterprises of this church the past few years has been due largely to her enthusiasm and indefatigable energy. She will be greatly missed by us all, but most of all by that home circle in which she was the faithful wife and devoted mother. The warmest sympathy of a very wide circle of friends is extended to her husband and children in their sorrow. The funeral will be held at her late home on Fletcher street Saturday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock.

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